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WESTERN AMERICANA

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Yours for Success
Elma MacGibbon

LEAVES
OF
KNOWLEDGE

BY

ELMA MACGIBBON

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INTRODUCTION

I HAVE had the opportunity, during the last few years, to travel very extensively throughout the West, and considerable in the East, with my husband, and finding people in general greatly interested in my oral description of the numerous places I have visited, I decided to give a history of the many cities and their surroundings as I saw them during my visits, at different seasons of the year.

Realizing that it will be of interest and information to the reading public, I now present to you my LEAVES OF KNOWLEDGE.

ELMA MACGIBBON.

CHAPTER I.

Salem, the Capital of Oregon.

On the 28th day of September, 1898, I arrived in the City of Portland, Oregon, after a journey of eight days from the Atlantic coast, this being my fifth trip across the American Continent. My husband, or Mac, as he is usually called, met me on the banks of the Columbia river, at the town of Kalama, State of Washington. As the entire train is placed on the ferryboat, I got out to view the beautiful river, remaining there until we reached Goble, on the Oregon shore, where the train pulled off the boat for my destination. Arriving at the Union Depot, we took a coach and repaired to a suite of rooms, which Mac had secured for me on Seventh street. The rooms were splendidly fur-

nished, but in the back room, sitting on a table was a little machine with a long rubber tube running from it to the ceiling; this arrangement was called a gas stove. I looked at this so-called stove with disgust. Being the first one I had ever seen I felt sure I never could cook anything on it. I only stayed here one day, and moved to a private boarding-house.

And, Oh! ye people of this continent, what a boarding-house, for elegant rooms was all they had, and they all showed at this house that their main food was Oregon mist. However, as Portland is such a paradise to live in, I managed to exist one month. When, after being relieved of my purse and money, which has never yet been returned to me, I notified Mac that I would go with him up to Salem, or start back to that dear Montana home where

I had lived for eight happy years, and as the courts of that state are known for their lenient divorce decisions, he at once complied with my request, came down for me and I moved next day to the Willamette Hotel, arriving there at 8:30 p. m.

After unpacking my trunks we retired, but had scarcely got to sleep when I heard such cries and pleadings, which seemed to be out in the yard. I sprang from the bed and on going out into our front room, I knocked my foot against one of the trunks, cutting my toe open, but was so excited just then I did not think of it until later on. After looking out of the window and not seeing anyone, only to hear the pleading, "Oh! do not murder me, boys, my poor wife and children, what will become of them? Please, boys, do not kill me." I then went back to bed. When, lo! in

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HISTORY

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a few minutes, glass began to break; we both jumped then, and looking out could see a man in his shirt-sleeves standing on the roof of the conservatory, while men were standing below, coaxing him to come down, which he finally did, after they had promised not to murder him. They, of course, were employes of the hotel. He was taken from there to the waiting room, we still hearing the screams, and as soon as a coach arrived he went to the hospital. I heard later that he was a traveling man and the trouble was he had mixed a little too much Kentucky Rye with Oregon mist. Now, my friends, you can realize my feelings in the second city I had visited in Oregon.

Salem is beautifully situated on the Willamette river, about fifty miles south of Portland, and is one of the state capitals that succeeded in getting all the

principal state public buildings located there. I visited the insane asylum, where, at that time, eleven hundred and eighty-five persons were being cared for, with every possible comfort. They have beautiful grounds, magnificent buildings, with large bakery and butcher shop combined. A little to the right is the orphans home. Here I found thirty-five children, their ages ranging from one to fourteen years, the older ones helping to care for the little ones. The matron seemed very kind and fond of them all, and each room was in perfect order. A short distance to the left of the asylum is the penitentiary, where seven hundred and eighty Oregonians were enjoying themselves to the height of their ambition. The reform school and the Indian school are near here. A large woolen mill is also in active oper-

ation within the city limits. The Willamette University is also in Salem.

On the morning of December 31st, I took the train for Portland.

ASTORIA AND THE COLUMBIA RIVER

CHAPTER II.

Astoria and the Columbia River.

On January 2nd, 1899, I left on the steamer Telephone, for Astoria. This was certainly a grand trip, though it was snowing at times and quite cold. After sailing down the Willamette river, past the old City of St. John into the broader waters of the Columbia, a distance of one hundred miles; stopping at St. Helen, Rainier and Mayger on the Oregon side of the river, as well as Kalama and Cathlamet on the Washington side, I arrived at Astoria, the second city of Oregon in population, at 4 p. m., having enjoyed a delightful sail on this inland arm of the sea, which is navigable for the largest ocean vessels during all seasons of the year.

I remained at Astoria during the en-

tire winter and summer. The main industry of this seaport town is fishing. Here is the home of the royal chinook salmon and at no other place in the world is the salmon found of such superior quality as at the mouth of the Columbia river, and during the entire fishing season the canneries and cold storage plants are busy preparing salmon to ship to all parts of the globe.

Every evening I could see about two thousand boats starting out with two men in each boat; some come back in the morning with their beauties and some perhaps stay a day or two, while at times some never return, as they become careless getting over the bar in the swift ocean waters, and before they realize their danger their boats would be upset and they would go to the bottom; in spite of all the efforts made by the life-saving crews to save them.

After weighing, the fish are cut up and placed in cans to be boiled, having first removed the large bones. After being boiled, a hole is made in the top of the can allowing the steam to escape, and after cooling, the hole is again sealed up. The cans are then dipped into a preparation for coloring them, which shows that they are perfectly air-tight; they are then wrapped with paper which advertises the quality of fish and the establishment where they were canned. The cans are then packed into cases, ready for the markets.

I have pictures in my possession of salmon weighing seventy-four pounds each, this being the kind that are usually canned, whereas the smaller varieties are packed in the cold storage plants.

I visited Warrington and Flavell, across Youngs Bay, and New Astoria

and Fort Stevens, at the mouth of the Columbia river, where is situated the fortifications of the United States Government, which were greatly strengthened during the Spanish-American war. Opposite here are Fort Canby and Fort Columbia.

I used to enjoy the Sunday excursions to Seaside, where hundreds were bathing in the surf. This brings to my mind what happened to me one day, and I will give it to you. The tide was coming in, yet still seemed very quiet. As the waves would go out a little, I followed them to take a picture of Tillamook rock and lighthouse; had just got in a good position with my kodak when in came a large wave which nearly overpowered me. Seemingly I could not move I was so astonished. Mac came running after me, seeing my danger from a distance. I then had to go

to the hotel for repairs and to get the sand from my clothing.

The Astorians pay very little attention to the Fourth of July, Thanksgiving, or other legal holidays, but commemorate the close of the fishing season by a three days' regatta, at which are gathered sportsmen from all over the Pacific coast. The young lady who receives the greatest number of votes cast for queen of the occasion is considered highly honored. The three days' celebration which I witnessed were occupied in boat-racing by the fishermen's sail-boats, double sculled row-boats, large sailing yachts and a fine performance by the life-saving crews, swimming contests, high diving and the divers with their diving-suits, and finally the balloon ascension, which was a perfect success, the aeronaut going up about two thousand feet and

coming down with the assistance of his parachute. There were also a number of land sports, besides the Grand Ball, presided over by the Queen of the Regatta.

The City of Astoria is situated on the south bank of the Columbia, the river here being about five miles wide. It has an excellent harbor, with important shipping interests, besides saw-mills and lumbering industries. Above the city is the government lighthouse at Tongue Point. Across the river are large saw-mills at Knappton, Washington.

On the 26th day of August, I returned by train to Portland, where I resided for the remainder of the year.

PORTLAND, THE WESTERN HUB

CHAPTER III.

Portland, the Western Hub.

Portland is the great shipping center for the entire State of Oregon and eastern Washington, brought thither on boats from the Columbia and Willamette rivers and by rail over the different railroads having their terminals here. Nature has done much for this principal and largest city in Oregon, built on both sides and having a natural slope to the Willamette river, which is spanned by four bridges, in addition to the boat traffic. The most important business houses are situated on the West side, while across the river on the east are the large flour and saw-mills, besides the extensive warehouses and wharfs from which vessels are loaded for shipment to all parts of the globe.

On both sides are the fine residences, beautiful lawns and numerous parks, at only thirty feet above the sea level, while in plain view I can see Mount Hood with its snow-capped peak towering 11,934 feet high, as well as Mount Rainier, 14,532 feet; also Mt. St. Helens, with an elevation of 9,750 feet. Surely such grandeur cannot be found elsewhere, with every variety of climate and every industry at its very doors. It is a day well spent to visit the City Park and Portland Heights, beside a number of street car rides; one being to the Falls of the Willamette at Oregon City, where there is an extensive water power, large saw-mills, and an immense paper mill. Another pleasant car ride was to Vancouver, Washington, the government trading and supply fort for the Northwest. The day I visited Vancouver how I displeased a photograph-

er. He had his studio in a rather dilapidated looking old tent; he saw me stopping with my kodak and came to the door and looked in disgust at me, saying, "fire away." I smiled, thanked him, and fired, which I had certainly intended to do. I also made a pleasant trip to Aberdeen, Washington, on Grays Harbor.

Portland is a prominent railway center and terminus of several steamer lines; steamships making regular trips to the Orient and San Francisco, California, the largest city on the Pacific coast.

After spending an enjoyable time in Portland, I left for Butte, Montana, over the Northern Pacific Railway, as the courtesies and attention of the employes on that road make travelling a pleasure.

EASTERN AND SOUTHERN MONTANA

CHAPTER IV.

Eastern and Southern Montana.

After remaining in Butte a short time, I went on to Billings, Montana. Arriving there I found the thermometer 28 below zero, which seemed a little chilly to me, as I had been on the Pacific coast for the last two winters. Billings is the largest and most prosperous city in Eastern Montana. The main industries are cattle and sheep raising. I will take this place up again.

At Red Lodge are situated the great Rocky Fork coal mines, owned and operated by the Northern Pacific Railway Company.

The town of Big Timber, which has not a tree within its limits (as one would imagine there would be by its

name) is the center and distributing point of an extensive stock country.

Livingston, the division headquarters of the Northern Pacific Railway, is where the branch extends to the Yellowstone National Park, a distance by rail of fifty-four miles to Gardner, the entrance to the park.

At Bozeman, my next stop, is located the State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts. Here are the rich farms of the Gallatin valley, which are noted for their production of barley, rye and wheat. The barley makes a superior quality of malt which is used in making beer. Here are also large flour mills, and at Belgrade and still further west are the mills of Manhattan where straw is manufactured into paper. At the head of the valley is Logan, the division of the roads going either to Butte or Helena. A few miles

west, on the Helena line, is the junction of the Gallatin, Madison and Jefferson rivers, commonly called the Three Forks of Lewis and Clark, the head of the Missouri river. At Whitehall a branch line extends to Twin Bridges, where the State Home for Orphans is located; and the famous Alder Gulch and Virginia City, where in the early sixties there resided over thirty thousand persons and over ninety-five millions of dollars were taken from its placer mines. At the present time Virginia City has numerous rich gold producing quartz mines, and the patriotic citizens are beginning to realize prosperity as in the days of yore. Also on the same line is Sheridan, where there are a number of valuable gold mines; the town is advancing rapidly.

At Whitehall I again take the train branching off at Sappington on the

Pony and Norris branches. Pony was formerly one of the early placer mining camps and is now a thriving town, having a number of producing gold quartz mines, with large concentrators and mills. At Norris, Red Bluff and Sterling are mines and mills in active operation.

Going back to Butte, I take the Oregon Short Line to Dillon, where the State Normal School is located, and which is the largest and most prosperous city in southern Montana. Here is the center and distributing point for the Big Hole cattle country and the many surrounding mining camps. Red Rock is an important cattle shipping station and stage depot. From here the Concord stages daily arrive and depart for Salmon City, Gibbonsville and other towns of Central Idaho. Lima is a division on the Oregon Short Line

Railway. From Monida stages make regular trips to the Yellowstone National Park.

As the summers are so pleasant on the Pacific coast, I then made a trip to that fashionable resort, Newport, Oregon.

THE WILLAMETTE VALLEY

CHAPTER V.

The Willamette Valley.

At Yaquina Bay, where Newport is situated, the government has expended considerable money for the improvement of the harbor, and though the place is a fine summer resort, there is no extensive shipping done. It is a most beautiful place to while away the hot summer days, with fishing, boating and bathing in the surf. Here is the terminus of the Corvallis & Eastern Railway, at the town of Yaquina, the principal offices being at Albany, where the road connects with and crosses the Southern Pacific Railway. It is picturesque to travel through the Willamette valley at this season of the year and to see the trees with their branches hanging to the ground, laden with delicious

fruit, and at the hotels to see them picking fresh fruit for the tables. We Butte smoke-eaters do not get our fruit that way. Albany is supplied with a woolen mill and flour mills, an iron foundry, and is an important railway center, besides considerable shipping being done on the river. It is no dream that the citizens of Albany are the most sociable, happy, and contented people that I have had the pleasure of meeting on the continent, and the town is a paradise for any one wishing to make a life-long home.

I found very much the same conditions at Corvallis, where the State Agricultural College is located, and at Lebanon, with its large paper mills. Brownsville, near here, has woolen mills, the product from which is sold over the entire west. Harrisburg is at the head of river navigation. From

here I pass Junction City, going through continuous prune farms, arriving at the university city, Eugene, an important lumbering and mining center in addition to its fruit industry. South of here is Cottage Grove, the supply point and from where is extended a branch line to the Bohemian gold mining district.

The other towns of southern Oregon are Roseburg, justly named from its abundance of flowers, and Grants Pass, in the center of a rich mining section, Medford and Jacksonville, where are many very extensive and rich fruit farms; and Ashland, the largest city in the southern part of the state, where the State Normal school is situated.

Klamath Falls and Lakeview are the inland towns of Southern Oregon. Marshfield and Coquille are shipping towns on Coos Bay, as is also the town

of Tillamook on Tillamook Bay, which has large cheese factories.

On the west side of the Willamette river are McMinnville, Dallas, Monmouth, Independence, Dayton and Newberg, while on the east side are Woodburn, Mt. Angel and Silverton, constituting the great hop growing localities, with Salem, the center and distributing point. Through this stretch of country are seen everywhere the buildings for the drying of hops, and during the autumn months there is a scene of continual activity for the growers, pickers, pressers and buyers, getting the hops ready for shipment to eastern markets, principally to be used by the large breweries. The soil and climate are especially adapted to the production of hops, and from the proceeds the owners receive an exceptionally good profit, about two million dol-

lars' worth being the annual production.

Forest Grove, a college town, and Hillsboro are next visited, and then I am back to Portland, the hub of the State of Oregon.

From here I again start over the Northern Pacific Railway, making a number of stops. Tacoma, Washington, the Puget Sound terminal, I will fully describe later. At Ellensburg, one of the State Normal schools is located and this city is also a division point of the Northern Pacific Railway. From here I viewed Mt. Adams to the south, towering 12,250 feet above the sea level.

North Yakima is located in a very rich section, which produces all kinds of fruit, as well as an abundance of hops. This land is made productive by irrigation.

All traveling people will recognize the expression, "Keep your eye on Pasco," as I did. I then passed through the wheat country to Ritzville, Sprague and on to Cheney, where the other Normal school of the State is located. Then to Spokane, from where I go through the pan-handle of Idaho, on to Butte.

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA

BOISE, THE CAPITAL OF IDAHO

CHAPTER VI.

Great Falls, Montana—Boise, the Capital of Idaho.

After a brief stop at my home town, I went over the Great Northern to the second city of Montana, Great Falls. Here, on the banks of the Missouri river, is destined to be one of the largest manufacturing cities of the west, with its gigantic water-power, that can be so easily utilized through its numerous natural and continual chain of falls, the largest being Great Falls, from which the town takes its name. Rainbow is where the silver-lead smelters are located. Crooked, and Black Eagle Falls, have the immense copper smelters and refineries of the Boston and Montana Mining Company. Near here is the wonderful Giant Spring, and although it is unfathomable, I have stood

at its water's edge and gazed at the beautiful lilies growing beneath its surface. The city is in an agricultural section surrounded by coal and quartz mines. Here are the shops of the Great Northern Railway, and large elevators and flour mills. From here a branch line extends to Lethbridge, Alberta, Northwest Territory, connecting with the Canadian Pacific, crossing the main line of the Great Northern at Shelby, as well as its connections at Havre. There is also a branch line running to Neihart and Barker. Neihart was once a very prosperous silver mining town, prior to the drop in silver in 1893. I made my first trip here in April, of 1890, before the advent of the railroad. I find some of the same people with the same high expectations there now that I found on my first visit, and I verily believe they will yet realize to the fullest

extent their every desire. Over the range of the Little Belt mountains is the noted White Sulphur Springs. At Yogo are found the beautiful Montana sapphires. From Monarch the road branches to Barker, a lead producing town. On my return I stopped at Belt, a flourishing coal mining town, where the Anaconda Copper Company get their coal and coke for the Amalgamated smelters. The Belt valley has exceptionally good ranches with extensive stock ranges surrounding.

Sand Coulee and Stocket are coal mining towns of the Great Northern Railway.

I decided on my return to Great Falls, to make a trip to Boulder Hot Springs. At Boulder is the State Deaf and Dumb Institute, and is the center of a quartz mining section. A branch railroad extends to the Elkhorn mines.

A short distance from here is the mining and smelter town of Basin, having the works of the Montana Ore Purchasing Company. The Hot Springs are four miles from the Boulder depot. I found a comfortable conveyance and on arriving at the hotel I was made to feel at home. After thoroughly enjoying my stop here, I made my first trip to the Gem of the Mountains, at its capital Boise, arriving on the 15th day of January, 1901.

It will not be denied that the people are satisfied with their individual prospects and with the prospects of their country. The utterances of its statesmen, the voice of its legislature, the language of its press, all show how firmly, intelligently and successfully the people of Idaho are working unitedly together for the benefit of the entire state.

Boise is surrounded by a number of rich gold and silver mines, and a great fruit country, made productive by irrigation, with an agreeable, healthy and bracing climate. Here is located the United States government post, the State penitentiary, and the most magnificent Natatorium anywhere in the west. While I was here, the legislature being in session, the representatives of Idaho extended an invitation to the law-makers of the State of Utah to visit them; they accepted, and came up in a special car, remaining over one day. Among other amusements a grand reception was given at the Natatorium. The water having been drawn from the big plunge, a false floor, supported by studding was fitted in the plunge, bringing it to a level, and it was then used for a dancing pavilion. It was a beautiful sight to go through the re-

ception rooms, step out on the balcony above and look down on the hundreds of dancers; it showed deep planning to construct a building, where thousands could gather for such an entertainment, as well as for bathing purposes.

I now leave this happy people, and go to Walla Walla, Washington.

WALLA WALLA AND SOUTH-EASTERN WASHINGTON

CHAPTER VII.

Walla Walla and Southeastern Washington.

The people of Walla Walla and surrounding country revere the name of that brave and fearless missionary, Whitman, who saved the whole country, then known as Oregon, to the American government. Mr. Whitman crossed the Rocky Mountains and the then uninhabited western plains, on horseback, his sole companion being an Indian guide who could not stand the chilly blasts of winter, and with frozen feet, had to be left behind on reaching the first settlement, while the hero pressed on with his tired horse alone during the entire winter, and eventually reached the nation's capital at Washington, D. C., and explained to the President and his cabinet, the extensive

resources of that vast western territory. After accomplishing his mission, he returned, only to be massacred, he and his family, by the Indians. A large, high pillar marks the place of his sad ending. Within the city limits Whitman College stands to his everlasting memory.

One of the oldest government forts in the west is still occupied here. Here is the state penitentiary, where the occupants are kept busy making wheat sacks from hemp shipped from Manilla, Philippine Islands.

I will say, it is no wonder this place was selected and trading posts established long before there was any established ownership to this part of the country, as it is nature's paradise. I have visited this city at all seasons of the year and it always blends with the same beautiful splendor. Here it is that the

champion soils of the world are to be found, while with a soil of such richness and fertility, and a climate so ideally adapted to the cultivation of grain and fruit, it is only natural that the harvests should be excellent.

College Place, two and a half miles distant, is such a pretty spot, and here is found the course of instruction for the Advents. Milton, on the Oregon side, is also a wheat and fruit country. Waitsburg and Dayton, Washington, are two prosperous towns. In addition to their large wheat crops, abundance of barley and rye is grown, and nowhere is the soil found so uniformly fertile as through this vast stretch of country; and nowhere on earth, it is certain, can wheat be raised more profitably. Nature has thus evidently marked out the same conditions at the town of Pomeroy. At Starbuck, a division

point for the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company, I had dinner, and then moved on to Colfax, the capital of Whitman County, situated in the rich wheat section of the Palouse country. There are lumber industries carried on here, and extensive flour mills, and while the climate is in every respect all that could be desired for the growth of both winter and summer wheat, the fertility of the soil is such as to make it incomparable. The entire country and its citizens are continually busy sowing and harvesting their wheat, storing it in large warehouses, whence it is shipped to the Pacific Coast markets and from there to Asiatic and European countries. I leave Colfax for Spokane, and from there go over the Great Northern to Kalispell, Montana, stopping on the way a few days at Troy, a division point of the railroad. There are

several quartz mines in this vicinity. A delightful vacation could be spent here hunting and fishing and visiting the beautiful Kootenai Falls.

WESTERN MONTANA

CHAPTER VIII.

Western Montana.

Kalispell, the largest City in the Flathead country, in the northwestern part of Montana, lies west and is sheltered by the main range of the Rocky Mountains. This, as well as a portion of the state south of here, at one time comprised the Oregon Possessions, whereas the rest of Montana was acquired by the Louisiana Purchase, which we will all celebrate during the St. Louis Exposition.

In the vicinity of Kalispell are numerous sawmills, the largest being at Somers, at the head of Flathead Lake, also a very extensive pickling plant for the preservation of ties. I enjoyed many delightful drives through the immense wheat farms and inhaled the per-

fume from the many fruit trees then in bloom. I will always have a warm feeling and pleasant memories for the happy time and many friends I have made in Kalispell. Fifteen miles northeast is Columbia Falls, where is located the Soldiers' Home of the state, which cares for the infirm who once defended our country.

One bright sunny morning in August, 1901, I drove three miles before 6 A. M. to Demarsville, the head of navigation of the Flathead river, took the steamer Klondike and sailed down twenty-eight miles to the lake, passing Big Fork on the way, where a number of eastern excursionists left our boat to go camping. Then sailed thirty-five miles to the foot of the Lake. Arriving there, we were met by a four-horse stage coach to drive thirty-five miles over the Flathead Reservation, so called

on account of the tribe of Flathead Indians that inhabit it. This was an interesting ride to me. I viewed the continuous bands of horses and cattle, besides a large herd of buffalo, and Indians on horse back, riding around us in all directions. At times we could not see any of them; then in a few moments they would come after us at a break-neck pace, their rifles hanging at their ponies' saddles, and with their war whoops encircling us, to their amusement, but it did not bother us old-timers. This was a jolly ride, though a hot and dusty one. There were eleven passengers and all hungry when we reached Selish. I never shall forget how good the dinner did taste as it had been only the fourth meal I had that day. Stopping over night, I took the train the next morning for The Garden City of the State, Missoula.

The city is beautifully situated on both sides of the Missoula river. This has been truly called the Garden of the State, with fruits and flowers, fish and fowls, streams and rivers, tracts of timber and mountains. What more does a man want? And this section offers as fine opportunities, for mixed farming, as any place in my knowledge.

The long sunny days, together with the rich soil, produce very fine wheat, oats and other cereal products. Here are large flour mills, and the most extensive lumbering industries in the state. Also the best educational facilities, having the Montana State University, an up-to-date business college, and superior public schools.

It is an important railroad division headquarters, and the Sanitarium of the Northern Pacific Railway Company is located here. It is the junction of the

branch that extends up the rich Bitter Root Valley, passing Fort Missoula and continuing up the valley for a distance of over fifty miles, passing the towns of Victor and Stevensville, through rich fruit and grain farms, reaching Hamilton, where also are large sawmills in operation.

A short distance west, at DeSmet, a branch line extends to the Coeur d'Alene Mining District. The entire section is an agricultural and stock country, and at Plains, on the main line of the railway, are immense bands of thoroughbred cattle, horses and Angora goats.

At Bonner, east of Missoula, are the large sawmills of the Blackfoot Milling Company. At Drummond a line extends to Philipsburg and the celebrated Bi-Metalic and Granite Mountain Mines.

Deer Lodge has the State Penitentiary and the College of Montana, and at Warm Springs is the Asylum.

I next reach the metropolis of Montana, and my home, Butte.

BUTTE AND ANACONDA

CHAPTER IX.

Butte and Anaconda.

Many people were first attracted to Butte in the sixties, on account of its placer mines; then in 1875 it became noted for its quartz mines of gold and silver, and with increasing depth the mines developed valuable copper deposits. They are now producing 13,000 tons per day, and furnish employment to about 15,000 men, with a payroll of over one million and a half dollars a month.

People are surprised on visiting Butte, expecting to find a mining camp; instead they find a metropolitan city, with well-paved streets and massive steel business structures. You will find as well equipped stores here as in New York City. I will not attempt to lead you through the beautiful fields of wav-

ing wheat, or let you moisten your lips with the delicious growing fruit, or view the shade trees. But take the electric car and go four miles to Columbia Gardens, where the atmosphere is highly purified, joyous and clear. Surrounded by this unseen influence the cares of life press less heavily upon the brain, and the severest toil or exposure finds increased capacity to bear it. This is not only a most delightful park, with a fine museum, but includes all kinds of sports, band concerts, baseball and numerous other amusements. There is also a large dancing hall, with shade trees and flowers galore. Between here and the city are the horse racing and coursing tracks.

The prosperity of Butte is under the city proper and its suburbs, Centerville, Walkerville, Meaderville and South Butte. The greater quantites of

ore are taken out below the level of a thousand feet, the supply seeming inexhaustible. The production of the mines, with their smelters and reduction works, support not only this vast city, but in shipping their ores for treatment to the extensive plants, send out prosperity to Great Falls, Basin and Anaconda. In addition to the amount of coal and wood used at the mines and smelters, an immense quantity of manufactured lumber is used for timbering to support the works of the mines, extending its prosperous influence through the whole state.

The students of the State School of Mines here acquire a practical as well as a theoretical education.

Anaconda, twenty-six miles from Butte, has the great Washoe Smelters, the largest copper smelting and refining works in the world, employing eighteen

hundred men and treating five thousand tons of ore daily. The ore is sent to the concentrator, where it is reduced to concentrates, then separated from the waste. From there it is taken to the calcine plant, where the sulphur is removed. The mass is smelted in the reverberatory and the silica and iron are taken out as slag, the remaining matte is run through the concentrator and casting house, where it is cast into bullion bars of gold, silver and copper, then sent to the refinery.

The people of the city of Anaconda have reason to be proud of its extensive library, fine opera house and its magnificent hotel, the "Montana." I again made a trip westward over the Oregon Short Line from Butte, changing cars at Pocatello. I remained over one day at Nampa, Idaho, and then went on to Portland and down the Columbia river to Astoria, Oregon.

THE COLUMBIA RIVER
AND PULLMAN

CHAPTER X.

The Columbia River and Pullman.

I spent three weeks, including a very pleasant Christmas, at Astoria, where the roses bloom out of doors the year around, a friend bringing me a beautiful bouquet she had picked in her yard the evening before I left. I spent my New Year festivities at Albany, and a new one on me was to see bands of sheep grazing in the large fields of winter wheat. I thought the good-natured farmers had forgotten to put up their fences, but was informed by a friend that this was customary, and if not done, the growth would be so great that there would be an abundance of straw, with less return of wheat. After a short sojourn here I went back to Portland, starting east over the Oregon

Railway & Navigation to Hood river. Here one can agreeably stop for a few days, for there is a romanticism in its very air. Lifting my eyes aloft, I viewed the encircling hills that nature has placed there to make this valley a paradise. Fruit is grown here on an extensive scale. Strawberries, cherries, apples and prunes are nature's favorites, and she bestows a lavish care on them. I had the pleasure of meeting a friend of my girlhood days, whose home is here, and he made it very pleasant for me, taking me for a drive around the block, a distance of eight miles, through the fruit section. The strawberries are renowned on account of their being so delicious and hardy. The same may be said of their other fruits, which consequently stand shipment to foreign ports, as well as all over the continent. This makes the town a busy market

during the summer season, crowded with fruit buyers, owners and pickers.

From here I pass on to The Dalles, where boats ply on the Columbia river to Portland and Astoria. This is an important shipping point for wool, sheep, horses and cattle from Central Oregon and Washington.

I pass Celilo Falls to Biggs, which is the junction for the railroad that extends to Central Oregon at Shaniko, with the Towns of Wasco and Moro on the line, and the town of Prineville further inland, in the stock country.

North of the Columbia river, on the Washington side, is the town of Goldendale, in the center of an agricultural and stock country.

I made a short stop at Arlington. Near here is Heppner Junction, where a branch extends to Ione and Heppner, and with Condon and Fossil have ex-

tensive stock ranges, making shipments at Arlington from both sides of the Columbia river. I take the train, following the river, pass Umatilla to Wallula, where I change cars and go to Walla Walla, Washington.

After a pleasant sojourn here, renewing old acquaintances, I go on to that stirring and enterprising town of Pullman, where the State Agricultural College is located. I learned there were students in attendance, not only from their own state, but from other western states. Pullman has the advantage of not only the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company, but the Northern Pacific Railroad as well, which makes it a leading commercial wheat shipping section for the Palouse country. The atmosphere is healthful, bright and clear, and the soil is of the richest black loam.

Writing of Pullman brings to my mind the drive I had from the hotel to the depot, on my first trip here. Mac came in my room and told me he had decided to take the morning train, due in ten minutes, for Spokane, and pity me; I had two trunks, besides two grips to pack. I will say right here, our clothes did not get folded between tissue paper that time. The help came right up to my room, and while they were taking down the first trunk we packed the second. I being the only lady, with a dozen traveling men, we started for the depot. Nearing there a freight train came on the track and for a moment it looked as if we would be delayed, and when it had passed on, the buses from the two hotels began to race their horses, running at full speed, with wheels almost locked, to see who would get in place first. Mac had rushed on

ahead to check trunks, and, seeing the race was standing with open arms to pick me up out of the wreck, but we did not have any, and made our train in time.

THE PALOUSE COUNTRY AND NORTHERN MONTANA

CHAPTER XI.

The Palouse Country and Northern Montana.

From Pullman I made a pleasant trip to Uniontown, and drove, one fine May day, to Genesee, Idaho. It was a charming sight to pass through the immense wheat fields; the grain yields of this country are marvelous.

After I had made some pleasant acquaintances, I returned to Uniontown, Washington. From there I was driven to Lewiston, Idaho, a distance of nine miles. The last four miles of the way has a drop of over two thousand feet, and during the four miles Lewiston seemed right at our feet, on account of the road winding down the hill, snake fashion. At times the outlook seemed so dangerous that it caused

one to hold one's breath, but I held on to the carriage seat instead. When I left Uniontown I had on quite a heavy wrap, but before reaching Lewiston the heat seemed almost unbearable.

This town is where the Clearwater empties into Snake river. Boats run on the Snake river to Riparia, connecting with the Oregon Railway & Navigation line, and a branch of the Northern Pacific connects with the main line to Spokane. Winter here is a most charming season, and the long sunny days of summer are succeeded by cool nights. Aided by irrigation, immense quantities of fruit are raised yearly. Across the Snake river, which is spanned by a long steel bridge, is the town of Clarkston, Washington, with Asotin a short distance up the river. These are fruit sections. Southeast on

the elevated bench lands, is the town of Grangeville, in the wheat section.

Lewiston is the out-fitting and business city for the mines of Central Idaho, and the location of the State Normal School.

I passed up the valley through Kendrick and Troy, ascending again to the wheat country at Moscow, where the State University of Idaho is located. Here crops are grown without the aid of irrigation or artificial fertilizers. I take lunch at Pullman, and go on to the town of Palouse, Washington, which, in addition to its farming interests, has important lumbering industries, mills being here that manufacture the lumber brought down the river from the surrounding country and Central Idaho. I stopped at Garfield, and thence on to Oakesdale, Rosalia and Spangle, passing through the immense fields of

waving wheat. Reaching Spokane, I take a trip on the Great Northern across the State of Idaho, with a stop at Bonner's Ferry, made important on account of railroad connections with the Crow's Nest Pass Railroad and Kuskonook, British Columbia.

I made a few days' stop at Libby, Montana, a stirring little town, with rich mines surrounding. From Jennings another branch line of the Great Northern will run to Fernie, B. C., also connecting with the Crow's Nest Pass.

During my stay in Kalispell I noticed great improvements since my last visit. Surveys were being made to the new town of Whitefish by the Great Northern Railroad.

After a run of two hundred and sixty-five miles east of Kalispell, I arrived at Havre, where are the shops of the Great Northern on its main line.

From here the road branches off to Great Falls, Helena and Butte. This branch is commonly spoken of as the Montana Central Railway. Havre is also division headquarters. This city and Chinook are important cattle shipping points, and the country east to Glasgow, the next railroad division, has very important cattle industries.

An interesting incident to me occured while at Havre. The Indians were coming together from the different reservations to celebrate and have their war dance. It was amusing to see their costumes and the mode of travelling of the hundreds that gathered for this occasion. Fort Assiniboine, a United States Government Post, is near here.

Fort Benton is surrounded by an extensive stock country, and is the head of navigation of the Missouri river, being the oldest town in the state.

After a short stop at the City of Great Falls, I wend my way to the capital of the state, Helena.

HELENA AND EASTERN MONTANA

CHAPTER XII.

Helena and Eastern Montana.

The motive of my coming to Helena, with the rest of the patriotic citizens of the State, was to dedicate our magnificent capitol buildings, which had just been completed, and to commemorate the one hundred and twenty-sixth anniversary of our independence.

Helena is well located for the capital and is the center of population in the state; has substantial business blocks and beautiful residences, with every appearance of a permanent city.

The Broadwater Natatorium, with its immense plunge, is a great source of attraction, and close by is Fort Harrison. Within the city is the United States Assay Office, and also a large cracker factory.

Helena stands today in what used to be known as Last Chance Gulch, where originally were rich placer mines, the producers of forty million dollars in gold, and at the present time a number of quartz mines are in operation. Surrounding the city and adjoining are Marysville, Remini, Clancy, Corbin and Wickes, with branch railway lines connecting with Helena. A large smelter is in constant operation at East Helena, the power being furnished by the electric plant on the Missouri river at Canyon Ferry.

After my above mentioned celebration, I went to Hunter's Hot Springs, the health resort of the Northern Pacific Railway Company, two miles from its main line at Springdale, where coaches meet all persons desiring to go to the Hot Springs. I had an enjoyable sojourn here and moved on to that far

eastern Montana town, Glendive, a distance of three hundred and twenty-two miles. This town is a division point, on the main line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and has more stir and life than the majority of towns. The opera was running in full blast, the Jesse James tent shows and the Wild West Circus. It was amusing, as I sat on the balcony of the hotel, to see the circus people forming on horseback in their different costumes and trying to appear very wild for the parade. They were followed by a four-horse team attached to an enormous enclosed wagon, supposed to be holding the wild animals. The laughable part came in as they were turning in front of the hotel, their horses were unable to pull the wagon, and the Glendive citizens had to lend a helping hand, for we wanted them to move on, fearing the animals might get out, but

on the circus grounds they only had a few buffaloes.

The town presented a very busy appearance, this being the wool season. Herders were bringing in bands of sheep, with thousands to a band, for the shearing. I was invited for a drive to see the shearing, which was all being done by machinery. This was a pitiful sight to me—to see the way the clipping machines cut up the sheep, and to hear thousands of little lambs crying on account of the separation from their mothers. This was one trip I did not enjoy.

It was a perfect sight to see the immense quantity of wool in sacks ready for shipment. The wool buyers were here from as far east as Boston, and all the sheep owners in the country, and it certainly did make things lively.

I finally bade adieu to this stirring

community and turned my face westward to Miles City, the oldest town in eastern Montana, where General Miles was at one time stationed, and from whom the town received its name. It has been for years the greatest cattle shipping town in the state, and also an important depot for the shipment of sheep and wool. Here is located the State Reform School, and two miles west is the Government Post, Fort Keogh.

I never shall forget Forsyth, on account of the intense heat while there. I just fanned myself all the time and while traveling through this stretch of country I took night trains, it being cooler. Forsyth is a railroad division point and a thriving town, having extensive stock interests.

Billings is the western terminus of the Burlington Railway system, and is

the greatest wool shipping depot in the country. The city has reason to be proud of its fine library, a magnificent stone building, well supplied with many volumes.

Here is located division headquarters of the Northern Pacific and Burlington, the latter running its trains over the track of the Northern Pacific west to Seattle, Washington.

I again find here a country made productive by irrigation, and crops are now grown successfully where a few years ago was a continuous stock range.

Laurel is the junction of the Rocky Fork branch to Red Lodge, Gebo and Bridger, important coal mining towns, with farming and fruit raising country surrounding them.

Columbus has excellent stone for building purposes, which was used in the erection of the state capitol.

At Big Timber has been erected the first woolen mill in the state.

Bozeman seemed such a pretty home town, during my summer stop, with the beautiful lawns and abundance of flowers, the vines twining around the houses.

The morning I left Bozeman, Mac, as usual, gave me a few minutes to get ready. I was quietly reading the morning paper, when he came in and said that we would take the Burlington for Butte. I soon got ready, however, as I am accustomed to short notices. The buses and street car had all gone to the train, so he telephoned for a coach. This, of course, all took time, which made us a little late; nevertheless, we started out at a fast pace. On getting in sight of the depot the train seemed ready to leave, but the driver said: "I will make it, if you want me to." Mac

told him that was what he wanted. Then he put the horses on a run, whipping them all the time, and turning corners our carriage would run on two wheels. The conductor seeing us coming at such a pace held the train a moment, no doubt thinking this was an elopement case, and, thanks to his kindness, and the driver's whip, we reached the train in safety, and made Butte that evening, just the same.

SPOKANE AND THE INLAND EMPIRE

CHAPTER XIII.

Spokane and the Inland Empire.

After a pleasant stay of six weeks in Butte, I went over the Great Northern Railroad to Spokane, making short stops at Great Falls, Havre and Kalispell. Arriving at Spokane I took a coach and drove across the river to the Oregon Railroad and Navigation depot and took the train for Tekoa, Washington, a distance of fifty miles, passing Rockford, Fairfield and Latah, extensive wheat sections. Tekoa is the town where the trains branch off to go to the famous Coeur d'Alene mines, consequently this is an important division point. Millions of bushels of wheat are shipped from here yearly. This was a picturesque looking little town to me, with the hills dotted by lit-

tle white buildings, trees and flowers. On account of the hotel just burning down, accommodations were limited, but I got a room with a very pleasant family, taking my meals at a restaurant.

My next stop was at Wallace, Idaho, where I spent a very entertaining week. This is the principal city of the Coeur d'Alenes, surrounded by mining towns. The ones of most note are Wardner, Mullan, Burke and Gem, all large producers of lead and silver ore, and Kellogg, an important milling town. On my way back from Wallace I stopped at Harrison, on Coeur d'Alene Lake, where are large sawmills. To change my route, I took a sail on the Steamer Spokane over the lake to Coeur d'Alene City, which I found extensively engaged in lumbering enterprises.

I made my way back to Spokane in time to attend their annual fall fair, which showed patronage from the four northwestern states. The fruit exhibit from the irrigated fruit farms, surrounding Wenatchee, carried off the first prize, closely followed by Waterville and Douglas County and the Palouse country. There were also wheat and cereals from these, Harrington and the Big Bend country, the exhibits coming on the Washington Central Railway from Davenport, Coulee City and Wilbur. On the Spokane Falls & Northern they came from Colville, Marcus, Northport and Nelson, British Columbia. Also from Rathdrum and the lumbering town of Sandpoint, on Pend d'Oreille Lake. There were mineral exhibits from the Coeur d'Alene mines of Idaho, from Republic, and other sections of Washington, and from Ross-

land, Sandon, Kalso, Trail and Slocan, British Columbia; Baker City and Sumpter, Oregon; cattle from Le Grande and Portland, and as far south as the State of Nevada; horses, sheep and hogs from the entire section, including trotting and racing horses from Butte. And even the Northern Pacific Railway Company had their exhibit, consisting of a miniature railroad, and I had the pleasure of taking a trip to St. Paul and return in ten minutes.

The horse racing and other sports were unexcelled, and the balloon ascension was perfectly grand, the finest I ever witnessed; to see coming down, seemingly as far as the eye could reach, two little parachutes, one basket having a dog in it, the other a cat, followed by the balloonist and his parachute, all coming safely back to earth.

I met interesting people from every-

where in the west, and remarked to my friends that nature had destined a city here, the center of the richest section found anywhere on the American continent, with its mines, lumber, farms and natural available water power; with its two transcontinental railroads and branches, with division headquarters for all lines passing through the city, of all the western railway systems, bringing business from the Dominion of Canada, as well as the United States, an Inland Empire within itself. All these, combined with the energy and enterprise of its citizens, will make Spokane the largest inland city on the western hemisphere.

Probably what made me so interested during the fair was that the final games of the Pacific Northwest National Baseball League were being played here at this time, and I was delighted, of

course, to see Butte, my home town team, win the pennant.

The fair being over, I wended my way to Seattle, Washington, over the Great Northern Railroad, which served me with every comfort on the way.

VICTORIA AND VANCOUVER,
BRITISH COLUMBIA

CHAPTER XIV.

Victoria and Vancouver, B. C.

After remaining in Seattle a few days, I decided to view the country across the line, in British Columbia. One bright, sunny morning I took the steamer Majestic for Victoria, the capital, situated on Vancouver Island.

There was an almost endless variation in this sail on the inland waters of Puget Sound, in sight of the mainland and the many islands, with the Olympic and Cascade mountains in the distance.

I made a short stop at Port Townsend, the port of entry. Nearer the Pacific ocean is Port Angeles, on the strait of Juan de Fuca.

An amusing incident to me was the porpoises continually following the

steamer while crossing the strait. On landing at Victoria, first being detained to have my grips examined, then stepping out on the wharf, the first evidence of life I met was "Mary's little lamb." I exclaimed, "All the same Can-a-da!" as we do not have sheep meeting strangers coming into our town. Then, after my cordial greeting with the lamb, I looked around for a coach, but there was not one in sight. In a moment, however, I heard musical voices calling out: "Want a coach, lady? Want a coach, lady?" I looked up and standing on a high hill above me, were a number of coachmen. I answered, "Yes, I certainly do. Get a move on you and come down here," but they said they could not come down. Then the only thing left for me to do was to pay the porter of the boat two bits to pack my grips, which they call-

ed bags, more than a block up hill to reach these lordly coachmen. This was the first city where I did not find coachmen ready to help a lady traveling, and gives a poor impression of the city to strangers.

Overlooking Victoria harbor are the magnificent capitol buildings, erected on a beautiful ten acre lot, at a cost of $900,000. These form a group of three buildings, the center one, which is surmounted by a dome 150 feet high, contains the offices of the several departments, and the legislative hall, with committee rooms and library. The side buildings, which are connected with the central one by covered colonnades, are devoted to the printing department and the Provincial museum. The foundation is of local granite, and the superstructure is built of a beautiful light colored, close grained sandstone, from

the Haddington Island quarries, near the north end of Vancouver Island. The columns supporting the interior ceiling are of Italian marble, while the walls of the treasury and rotunda are finished in Tennessee marble, and native woods are used for the interior finish. Beautiful lawns, walks and shade trees, surround the structure.

A strange occurrence happened as I stepped in the main building. A gentleman stepped up, seeing I was a stranger, and kindly offered to show me through the buildings. I presented him my card, and as we were climbing the long marble stairs, I somehow in the conversation mentioned Oregon. He turned and looked at me with surprise, wanting to know if that was my home. "Oh! no," I answered, "my home is in Butte, Montana." He then told me that his former home had been in Albany,

Oregon, and, I being acquainted with so many at that city, our trip through the buildings was very pleasant. I will say right here, of all the grand buildings I have gone through in my travels, that Victoria's parliament buildings excel them all. To stand under the dome and gaze into the assembly hall beneath, was a sight of such magnificence, I would not attempt to describe it.

Victoria is a model residence city, with its broad streets, beautiful lawns and parks. Near here are the government fortifications of Esquimault. A railroad extends north on Vancouver Island, to Nanaimo, Alberni and Sidney.

My visit coming to an end on the island, I took the steamer Charmer and crossed the straits of Georgia, a distance of eighty-four miles to the city

of Vancouver, the western terminus of the great transcontinental line stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the Canadian Pacific Railway, with one continuous line from Halifax, Nova Scotia, a distance of 3,762 miles, besides its numerous branches to every city and section, in that vast Dominion of Canada. The same company has its own line of steamships and connections to every important harbor on the globe.

Their harbor is one of the finest in the world, it being possible for the Briton's entire navy to ride at anchor within her land-locked waters.

The great salmon fishing industry of the Fraser river, is at its very doors.

I enjoyed my street car ride and an afternoon well spent going through Stanley Park. The perfume was so fragrant and pure as I wandered among the immense trees, occasionally

stopping to have a swing, viewing all the different animals that I could not begin to mention. Here is also an immense wire netting, with every species of bird imaginable confined therein. Then I wandered down to the placid lake to view the stately swan and others of the web-foot tribe, as they glided along in peaceful simplicity. From there through a continuous stretch of nature's own product of flowers. As I was leaving the park, I looked back with a sigh for having to leave this bright spot of nature.

While in the city I stopped at Hotel Vancouver, owned by the Canadian Pacific Railway Companv, and for attention and grandeur around the entire hotel, with its spacious dining room, nothing better can be found.

A pleasant feature to me was that I was in Canada to celebrate with them

their Thanksgiving on October 16th, which meant two Thanksgiving dinners for me, and I thoroughly enjoyed my second one a month later in Butte.

A short distance south of the city, on the Fraser river, is New Westminster, an old established town, with valuable trade in lumber and salmon, and important manufactures.

My festivities ending here, I crossed the Canadian line back to my stars and stripes, making a short stop at the enterprising town of Blaine, Washington; then on to New Whatcom and Fairhaven.

BELLINGHAM AND EVERETT

CHAPTER XV.

Bellingham and Everett.

New Whatcom, on Bellingham Bay, with Fairhaven, make practically one city, with their immense shingle and saw-mills in continuous operation. They have since been combined and incorporated as the City of Bellingham.

There are large salmon canneries here, as the fisheries of Puget Sound is an extensive and important industry.

The scenery is gorgeous on Puget Sound, with its many islands and Mt. Baker, having an elevation of 10,827 feet for a background.

Anacortes has important fishing industries. Sedro Woolley has large saw and shingle mills, and as I walked up and down the streets, the town presented to me every evidence of industry. Near here are the coal mines of Coke-

dale. Hamilton is a lumbering town. Mt. Vernon, La Conner and Stanwood are lumbering towns, and the great oat producing section. At Arlington, Darrington and Marysville, I still found lumbering industries.

I found a great improvement at Everett, a few years ago it was a small town; now it is a metropolitan city, with its numerous thriving enterprises. As I stood on the balcony of Hotel Monte Cristo, and gazed over Gardner Bay on Whidby Island, I exclaimed, "Nature cannot show me more grandeur than this," and combined with the hand of man the vessels busily ply back and forth upon its broad expansive waters, over the bay and sound to the Pacific Ocean.

The bay front presents a busy appearance from the saw and shingle mills, where vessels are constantly loading for foreign ports.

There is a large smelter at the point of land between Gardner Bay and the mouth of the Snohomish river, which treats the ores of the Monte Cristo and Silverton mines, and large quantities of custom ores are shipped here for treatment. I made a visit to the smelter and saw the red liquid ore, as it flowed in the large boiling pots, and was then hauled away to cool; and the bright silvery ore, as it flowed into the bullion molds and was conveyed away to the refinery. After the thorough treatment there it is shipped to the mint.

Everett has the western terminal shops of the Great Northern Railroad Company. At Lowell, a suburb of the city, is a large paper mill, producing the finest bond paper from wood pulp. The cottonwood growing in the surrounding country is brought here in

cord-wood lengths; then is taken, a stick at a time, and chopped into small chips, being then carried to large vats and soaked in chemicals until it forms a pulp that runs over hot rollers, and running over continuous rollers is compressed and dried, bringing it down to fine paper. All this process is accomplished by the finest and most expensive machinery. The paper is then wrapped and baled ready for shipment.

In front of the city, across Gardner Bay, on Whidby Island, is the town of Coupeville, the shipping point for the products of the Island. From here one has a view of the Olympic mountains in the distance.

East of Everett, up the river, is the town of Snohomish, where are large shingle and saw mills.

I now leave this bright and enterprising town and draw my readers' attention to Seattle.

SEATTLE, THE CITY OF DESTINY

CHAPTER XVI.

Seattle, the City of Destiny.

Seattle, the metropolis of the State of Washington, is situated on Elliott Bay, on the eastern shore of Puget Sound. Its population has doubled in the last five years, caused by the wonderful influx of Alaska gold, as it is the headquarters for outfitting, and controls the trade of Alaska and the Yukon territory, and is also the base of supplies for the Puget Sound navy yard. It has the best navy dry-dock on the Pacific Coast and the largest dry-dock in the United States. The battleship Nebraska is now under construction here for the American government.

More than seventy steamers are engaged, this being the center of the Sound steamship traffic, besides lines

of steamships to Japan and the Orient. The great transcontinental railroads meet the ships of the world in the commerce of the Pacific, being the shortest route between New York and the Asiatic harbors.

There are extensive flour mills here. It is the center of the lumber industries and leads in shipbuilding in the Pacific Northwest. Seattle is the base of supplies for the salmon and deep sea fisheries and is surrounded by a great number of valuable coal mines.

Some of the towns near here are very important, the principal ones being Issaquah, Black Diamond, Newcastle and Roslyn, east of the Cascade mountains. The largest lumber mills in the United states are at Port Blakely, which has an extensive foreign trade. At Port Gamble and Port Ludlow are immense saw milling plants. Near Port Orch-

ard is Bremerton, the United States naval station. The City of Ballard has numerous saw mills and is the greatest shingle producing city in the world.

A government canal will connect Puget Sound with Lakes Union and Washington, at Seattle, providing fresh water harbors.

The army post, Fort Lawton, is at Magnolia Bluff.

Seattle has every reason to be proud of her school system. In addition to her public schools is the magnificent university, endowed by the state. The city is blessed with a delightfully even climate, grand scenery, with a fine natural harbor, protected from storms, and the largest vessels afloat can come into its docks at all stages of tide.

On going up and down the streets and seeing the crowds of people, each one attending to his or her line of bus-

iness, with such a rush and stir, trains coming and going in all directions, crowded with passengers from every nation, and laden with freight from its own and central states for shipment to foreign countries, vessels being continuously loaded and unloaded at its numerous docks and wharves, and busily plying back and forth on that immense inland sea, both for the local and the Oriental trans-Pacific trade, with lumber, coal, fruit and fish at its command, backed by its enterprising citizens, one must exclaim that nature has thus evidently marked out the city of exalted destinies.

TACOMA, AND OLYMPIA, THE
CAPITAL OF WASHINGTON

CHAPTER XVII.

Tacoma, and Olympia, the Capital of Washington.

The City of Tacoma, where I made my next stop, is beautifully situated on Commencement Bay, on the east side of Puget Sound.

Here are the great terminal shops of the Northern Pacific Railroad. This company has built immense elevators and warehouses, and from their docks shipments of wheat and flour are made to the Orient, the same company also having their fast passenger and freight steamships, that make their regular trips on the waters of the Pacific Ocean.

Tacoma has numerous saw mills and an enormous business in the manufacture and shipment of lumber. Here is the country of big trees; unsurpassed in size are the fir, cedar, pine and other

timber used for the manufacture of shingles and lumber. Across the Sound is the lumbering town of Shelton. There are numerous coal mines adjacent, the principal ones being at the towns of Carbonado, Wilkeson and Pittsburg.

Near here are the great fruit sections of Puyallup, Buckley, Auburn, Sumner and Orting, all increasing the immense trade of Tacoma.

The hunting and fishing are practically unlimited. The climate is salubrious, seldom freezing weather and never very hot, being both a glorious and perpetual summer and winter resort.

I viewed from the Tacoma hotel the unsurpassed scenery across the beautiful harbor and level expanse, and that giant, far-famed and widely known Ta-

coma's proud snow-capped peak, towering 14,532 feet above the sea level.

Near the city is Steilacoom, where is located the State Western Insane Asylum, the Eastern State Asylum being at Medical Lake, near Spokane.

At the head of Puget Sound, with its 2,000 miles of shore line, is Olympia, the capital of the State of Washington.

Gate City is the junction of the road from here and the one branching off from Centralia on the main line of the Northern Pacific going to Gray's Harbor.

A short distance further west is the lumbering town of Elma, which I take a great pride in, on account of its name, being, as you see, the same as my own. It is a busy little city with important railway connections, in addition to its thriving lumbering trade.

Montesano has also important lumbering industries.

I now make my second stop at Aberdeen, at the head of Gray's Harbor, and situated on both sides of the Chehalis river, where vessels are constantly being loaded with lumber and shipped to San Francisco and foreign ports. Also the saw mills are kept continually in operation, furnishing the manufactured lumber for shipment by train to eastern markets. Here is the home of that beautiful bird called "Glebe," from the breasts of which are made magnificent shoulder capes.

I made a trip over to Cosmopolis on the gasoline launch Maud S., and another trip by boat to South Aberdeen, and they, as well as Hoquiam, were one continual bustle in the manufacture and shipment of lumber. "Ocosta by the Sea" and the summer resort of West-

port, constitute the towns of this prosperous inland sea of Gray's Harbor.

I then went to Centralia and Bucoda, where I found the same stir in the sawing and shipment of lumber.

At Chehalis is still lumbering industries, and the junction, branching off to South Bend, on Willapa Harbor, where is the home of the oysters.

At Long Beach is a fashionable summer resort.

At the mouth of that great and glorious Columbia river, which gives prosperity to Washington and Oregon, is Ilwaco, with salmon fisheries and canneries.

At Castle Rock, Kelso and Kalama may be heard the buzz of the saw, demonstrating the manufacture of lumber.

I will now take my reader with me for a brief stop at Portland, Oregon.

NORTHERN OREGON, SOUTHERN AND EASTERN IDAHO

CHAPTER XVIII.

Northern Oregon, Southern and Eastern Idaho.

The air in Portland did certainly seem good to me; the mist was coming down gently, yet constantly, just making enough mud to be noticed. I kept my windows open day and night and in the morning woke up feeling so refreshed and bright from inhaling that pure and balmy November air.

I noticed that the people of Portland, and in fact the entire State, were making great preparations to celebrate the Lewis and Clarke Exposition in 1905. There I will commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the Lewis and Clarke explorations of the glorious West; when people will congregate from every nation to enjoy Oregon's delightful climate and witness the great

prosperity and advancement of the yet young country.

After a two weeks' pleasant sojourn in the city, I went east over the Oregon Railroad and Navigation, 231 miles, to Pendleton, a city busy with the shipments of wheat, cattle and sheep, products of the great stock and agricultural country surrounding. Here a branch of the Oregon Railroad and Navigation runs north to Walla Walla, the Palouse country and Spokane, Washington.

La Grande has a beet sugar factory, with immense stock raising.

A branch road runs to Elgin, in the Grand Ronde valley, and the Wallowa country.

East of La Grande is the celebrated Hot Lake, a natural flow of hot water coming from the mountain side, spreading itself out into a large lake, whose medicinal properties are very beneficial.

Union has valuable stock interests.

At Baker City I had a home feeling from again being among rich and valuable mines, there being many rich gold producing properties tributary to the city.

Stock raising on a large scale has been conducted here, and today great herds of cattle and horses roam at will over these seemingly boundless ranges, and thousands have been shipped and are continually being shipped yearly, from the extensive surrounding ranges of Eastern Oregon. From here a branch line extends to Sumpter and Whitney, bringing in the ore from the rich mines of the Blue Mountains.

Horses, cattle and sheep from the stock ranges of the Burns and Canyon City sections all bring prosperity and business to Baker City.

At Huntington is the division point and connection of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Co. with the Oregon Short Line Railroad.

Here I cross the Snake river, arriving at Weiser, Idaho. This town is the outlet of the Seven Devils mines, a branch line having been finished as far as Council. The smelter for the mines is built adjoining Weiser, and the entire section is prospering raising fruit, aided by irrigation. Between Weiser and Payette is one beautiful stretch of fruit trees, melon patches and every variety of fruit that can be grown in a mild, temperate climate, interspersed with fields of alfalfa, from which are cut four crops of hay a year, averaging two tons per acre for each crop. The Payette river empties into Snake river, making abundance of water for irrigating purposes, consequently the whole

valley, as well as Payette, is very prosperous.

The railroad again crosses the Snake river into Oregon before it reaches Ontario. Near here the Malheur river joins the Snake, which I soon again crossed, arriving at Palma, Idaho. There, and at Caldwell, is the same rich country, made productive by irrigation, from the waters of the Snake river and its tributaries.

Arriving at Nampa, Idaho, I gaze in wonderment, for the sage brush is entirely gone, and in its place are the broad fields of hay, grain, and all kinds of fruit. There is no uncertainty whatever as to the future of these irrigable lands, with the impounding of the flood waters of the streams, so that the annual wastage may be saved and utilized at the season of irrigation. Pastures verdant and beautiful, orchards

of luscious fruits, fields of waving grain, and homes ornamented with vines and flowers has succeeded the gray areas of sage brush, through the efforts of this bright and enterprising class of people. And for the climate I will state it is one that is healthy, bracing and invigorating. Nampa has the Dewey Palace, which is unsurpassed in architectural design by any hotel in the West.

Here also has been erected an elegant depot by the Oregon Short Line Railroad Company, as this is an important railroad center, with a line extending south to Murphy, the distributing point for the rich gold and silver mines of Silver City. To the north extends another line, through the valleys to Emmett, the supply point for the tributary lumber sections. This is also a rich fruit country and is surrounded by val-

uable mines. Also from Nampa, the Boise special runs to the capital, a distance of twenty miles, passing Meridian, where a large creamery is in operation; and through extensive fruit farms.

From Nampa I passed through Mountain Home and Glenn's Ferry and on to Shoshone, where a branch line extends north to Bellevue and the silver mining towns of Hailey and Ketchum. South on the Snake river is Shoshone Falls, from which extensive electric power is being developed. At American Falls is another power plant. Here I again cross that noted Snake river and stop at Pocatello, the second city of Idaho.

Pocatello is the great division headquarters for the Oregon Short Line system, and where immense railroad shops have been constructed to

handle the business extending east and west, north and south from Butte to Salt Lake City. The road crosses here nearly at right angles. It has a State school, substantial business blocks and commodious homes. Pocatello has valuable mines in the vicinity and the whole section is engaged in stock raising.

East of here is Soda Springs, then Montpelier, the outlet for the Bear Lake valley, and, with Paris, on Bear Lake, and Malade, on the south, are the largest southeastern Idaho towns.

On the line north is Blackfoot, where is located the State asylum. Blackfoot has a branch line running to the town of Mackay, where smelters work the ores of the mines of central Idaho.

I inhale the sweet perfume of sage brush as I run along to Idaho Falls. I

found great improvements had been made here, being a great vegetable raising country, made productive by irrigation. Its progressive citizens have since put in a beet sugar factory, in fact "the half has never been told" of the improvements I notice each and every time as I pass through the many Idaho towns.

A branch line runs from here to Rexburg and St. Anthony, where, by the construction of ditches and canals for irrigating purposes, the waters of the Snake river are utilized. If my readers have followed me, they will find this river in evidence in three different States, Idaho, Oregon and Washington, where it connects with the Columbia at Pasco. And in many sections, by the aid of irrigation, it has made the sage brush desert change to productive farms, thriving villages and populous

towns. I will now go back to that "Dear Butte," to have my second Thanksgiving dinner, and celebrate the holidays with my many friends, having traveled on different railroads a total distance of twenty-seven thousand, seven hundred and four miles, during the last year.

EASTERN TRIP TO

ST. LOUIS

CHAPTER XIX.

Eastern Trip to St. Louis.

After a delightful trip of over two months, in the warm and moist climate of the Pacific Coast, I arrive back home to find snow, and as usual the smoke. But for all we have the disagreeable smoke caused by the smelters, from which we get the fumes of arsenic and sulphur, it still seems to be invigorating, and gives activity to the brain, for the people of Butte show more life than I find elsewhere, and there is more stir than in any city in America, according to its population. Its streets are always crowded with busy, well dressed citizens, who all have plenty of money, regardless of their vocation, and certainly know how to enjoy themselves. I remained in Butte until May

12, 1903, when I took the Burlington for an eastern trip, and was treated with every courtesy over their system. I went over the Northern Pacific track as far as Billings, where I changed to their own line, and after riding about fifty miles I passed Fort Custer, near the Crow agency, and the monuments which mark the spot where General Custer and his followers were massacred by the Indians.

Formerly I have described every city and important town, as I saw them, and knew the conditions thereof. From now on I will explain any important place as I pass through, with a fuller description of the places where I stop to gratify my own enjoyment.

I now leave Montana and pass through the coal mining town of Sheridan, Wyoming. At Edgemont, South Dakota, a branch line extends north to

Deadwood, and the famous gold mines of the Black Hills.

From Alliance, Nebraska, a branch extends south to Denver, Colorado, with connections to Cheyenne and Laramie, Wyoming.

I made a short stop at Lincoln, Nebraska, where one branch extends to Omaha and Council Bluffs, Iowa. At St. Joseph, Missouri, I was detained for some time within two miles of the depot. Our train had been running at the rate of sixty miles an hour to make up for lost time, and on stopping at a little station, smash went the front wheel of our engine. This caused the passengers to all look serious, when each one thought what might have been had the wheel gone to pieces when we were running at such speed, as the trainmen claimed that the wheel had been broken for some time, but did not

go to pieces on account of its great velocity. After awhile a freight train came along and pushed us into the depot. I was in St. Joe long enough to have lunch, ice cream soda, and to be one of the spectators at a very lively runaway.

Our train going to Kansas City, I changed cars going on to St. Louis, where I stopped to view the city and the preparations being made for the commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the Louisiana Purchase, whereby our government acquired what now consists of fourteen states and territories, among them the greater portion of our noble State of Montana.

St. Louis is on the west bank of the Mississippi river, through which an immense traffic is carried on, both north to its head and south to New Orleans, and its mouth at the Gulf of

Mexico. There are also twenty-seven different lines of railway, carrying passengers and freight in all directions. This city has the largest union depot on earth, erected at a cost of six million and a half dollars.

St. Louis is the fourth city in population in the United States, being a great commercial, manufacturing and wholesale market. The exposition will cost fifty million dollars, and will have under cover over one hundred acres of floor space for exhibits, and has enclosed by fences twelve hundred and forty acres, and there are over three hundred separate buildings, ranging from eighteen acres down to the smaller ones.

The "Pike" will be to the fair of 1904 what the famous "Midway" was to the fair of 1893, and the "Ivory

City" of St. Louis will be even more amazing than was the wonderful "White City" of Chicago.

HISTORIC SCENES ON THE POTOMAC

CHAPTER XX.

Historic Scenes on the Potomac.

From St. Louis I take the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, crossing the Mississippi river, pass through southern Illinois, Indiana, and stop at Cincinnati, Ohio, the great manufacturing city on the Ohio river and the metropolis of that valley. I cross the Ohio river, at Parkersburg, West Virginia, where this railroad figured prominently, from here to Washington, during the civil war, and was in a practical state of seige for nearly four years.

I pass through the numerous oil and coal fields in the northern part of the State of West Virginia, with a stop at Cumberland, Maryland, the largest city in the Alleghany Mountains. Cumberland is built on the site of Fort Cum-

berland, where General Braddock and George Washington made their headquarters during the French and Indian war.

Shenandoah Junction was the scene of many skirmishes during the civil war, and brought back to my mind the great war play of "Shenandoah," which I saw so beautifully staged at the Marquam Grand in Portland, Oregon. The next stop was at Harper's Ferry, the most picturesque, beautiful and historic spot in America. Here I got out of the car and put my hand on the monument which brought back that old song to me, "John Brown's body lies amouldering in the grave," for he, with his handful of brave followers, shed the first blood, and the monument to him stands on the spot where his improvised "fort" stood forty years ago. The story of the invasion of Harper's Ferry

is told by the government tablets alongside the monument.

To the right is the Shenandoah river, emptying into the Potomac river. Across the Shenandoah is the big mountain, known as Louden Heights, on the Viriginia side. Back of the town is Bolivar Heights. Crossing the steel bridge over the Potomac, passing through a tunnel cut through the base of Maryland Heights, I reach Weaverton, where General Burnside crossed the railroad, en route to Washington, from the battle of Antietam.

At Brunswick, terminals and railroad yards of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, is where General Meade's army recrossed the Potomac on the return from the battle of Gettysburg to Washington.

Point of Rocks is one of the most picturesque sections of Maryland. Here

the railroad leaves the Potomac river, having been in companionship for nearly one hundred and fifty miles. During the civil war this part of the country was constantly occupied by both armies, crossing and recrossing the Potomac at this place, occasioning many skirmishes.

Fourteen miles north of Washington Junction, on Frederick Branch, is Frederick, the old home of "Barbara Frietchie," who was so patriotic, waving her union flag while the Southern forces were passing her residence. It came very forcibly to my mind, almost fancying I could see her, as scarcely a year before I had seen it so completely represented at the Broadway Theater at Butte, Montana.

This day's ride was thoroughly interesting, and I will say it is worth both the time and money one spends to view what was once the old battlefields, and

to yet see some of the old stone castles that were at one time ocupied by the southern aristocracy.

The employes of this road made themselves very entertaining, by explaining and pointing out every place of interest to the many passengers. This was the first railroad built in America, dating its existence from 1828, the first to have steam locomotives and first to use telegraph lines.

I sat in the "observation end of the car" all day, viewing the historical scenes associated with the French and Indian War, the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812 and the Civil War, and heard the explanations. I at times would almost fancy I could see those soldiers on the battlefield, crossing the Potomac river at early sunrise, and hear the roar of the artillery. But the scene has changed since then, and hap-

piness prevails under one government, one flag and one National Capital, which I now reach, Washington, the District of Columbia.

WASHINGTON, D. C., THE NATION'S CAPITAL

CHAPTER XXI.

Washington, D. C., the Nation's Capital.

The wealth and love of the American people contribute to the increasing glory of the Queenly Washington, such a visit as mine sets the heart on fire with greater devotion, broadens the conception of our country's greatness and quickens into action our lofty patriotism.

One pleasant afternoon I enjoyed a delightful tour of the city on the "Seeing Washington Car," and heard explained a thousand points of interest during my twenty-five miles of sightseeing. This car affords visitors a luxurious and quick way of seeing Washington, and viewing from comfortable, restful environments the public buildings, the grand boulevards, the

residences of noble men of the past and of the present, the beautiful parks, the magnificent monuments, the picturesque Potomac river, the quaint negro scenes on market days, the historic spots and the twentieth century business sections of the city.

I visited all the principal public buildings and saw the beautiful architectural designs of the Congressional Library in the evening, the Capitol Building, the White House, Treasury Department, War, State and Navy Buildings, Pension, Patent and Government Printing Office, and viewed the Monument and Statue of General Washington, Lafayette Statue and Square, Farragut Statue and Square, Peace Monument, Jackson Statue, Garfield Statue, Monument of Lincoln, Slave Statue, the park where annually Emancipation Day is observed, and all those numerous

monuments and statues erected to the memory of noble heroes. I was at the Baltimore and Potomac Depot and viewed the room where President Garfield was shot, looking through the window to the street from which Guiteau watched for the approach of the President. The spot used to be marked by a large silver star, but it had to be removed on account of the throngs of people continually around it.

I was at Ford's Theatre, now being used as a museum, where President Lincoln was assassinated. The house across the street has its flag still waving from the window of the room in which the president died.

The Smithsonian Institute and National Museum were also very interesting. While here I visited a number of the near-by places of interest. My first trip was across the Potomac river to

the Arlington cemetery, State of Virginia. On leaving the street car and the massive iron gates, which swung ajar as I passed through, I stood in wonderment, gazing as far as the eye could reach over one continuous mass of little headstones, I should judge about two feet high, relieved here and there by an immense monument that friends of the departed had placed to their memory. I passed on down the broad walk, stopping to talk with several gravediggers, who were busily employed preparing the narrow resting places for more of those noble boys who had given their lives for their country. I was told by the attendants that there were nineteen thousand reposing within this block of ground, who at one time had defended the nation.

The manager and wife having a mutual friend of mine in Butte, and having

previously been in Montana, made many inquiries about the west, and did everything in their power to make it pleasant for me, not only showing me everything connected with the cemetery but also the entire grounds and the buildings that were formerly occupied by General Robert E. Lee, commander of the Confederate army. And while we were chatting, Major Drum drew my attention to the fact that this was the room, and pointed to the spot where the general stood when he was married. On leaving the premises, the major and wife accompanied me to the car line, pointing out the graves of noted men. One of these coming to my mind, I asked to be shown the resting place of that brave General Lawton, for I was deeply interested and much concerned on reading the account of his death. I do not know why, but seem-

ingly I always had a desire to see the grave of him who gave his life so fearlessly, and was dealt with so treacherously by the Filipinos.

I may say that the officials at our nation's capital were cordial and attentive, doing everything possible to make it pleasant and to show me all that might interest me.

At Mt. Vernon is the burial place of our first president and general, George Washington.

Annapolis, the capital of Maryland, on Chesapeake Bay, has the United States Naval Academy.

Baltimore is the metropolis, seaport and principal manufacturing center of the State of Maryland.

I crossed the Susquehanna river, at the head of Chesapeake Bay, on the Delaware river, to Wilmington, the largest city of the State of Delaware,

having an excellent harbor. The noted Dupont gunpowder works are near by.

Up the Delaware river is Philadelphia, the largest city of the State of Pennsylvania and the third city in the United States in population and manufactures, the center of foreign, domestic and coast trade.

I then crossed over to Trenton, the capital of New Jersey, and through the town of New Brunswick, in the central portion of the state, to Newark, the largest city, and on to Jersey City, the terminus of railway and steamship lines, to that largest city on the western hemisphere and the second in the world, Greater New York.

GREATER NEW YORK

CHAPTER XXII.

Greater New York.

On visiting all other cities I could draw a comparison, but New York is a city of itself. None other exists like it, with its steel structures looming skyward twenty and sometimes thirty stories high. As I looked from my room window in the hotel, it seemed but one vast sea of buildings, and in the evening it was rather amusing to see men, women and children coming up on the flat roofed houses, from little thatched doors, to get a breath of fresh air, and even the dogs, without a play-ground, would be on the roofs in the day-time. And to look at the electric lights in some of the office blocks at eventide was like looking at the stars.

I visited the stock exchange, the sub-treasury building, Wall street, that financial center controlling the world; and to and fro the entire length of busy Broadway, with its emporiums rivalling those of any city of the globe, and the Fifth avenue driveway, with its magnificent homes. One that surpassed them all was in course of construction, and was one that I took great interest in examining, on account of it belonging to our home citizen and United States senator from Montana, W. A. Clark.

To get a general idea of New York, take its "Seeing New York Automobiles and Coaches," visiting the historic section, in its Dutch, British and American periods; the Bowery, Chinatown, Brooklyn, Castle Garden, Central Park, the Grand Boulevards, the historic Hudson river, Columbia University,

General Grant's tomb, statues of Christopher Columbus and William Shakespeare. And take the "Seeing Yacht," encircling the island of Manhatton, showing the statue of Liberty, Blackwell's island, Jersey City, Brooklyn, Harlem, Bronx, the navy yard, the ocean liners and the wharves, with their commerce and extensive shipping interests.

I must mention a few amusing incidents that came personally to my notice, during my three week's sojourn in New York, to show how many ignorant people this immense city contains and what little idea they have of the magnitude of the country beyond its borders. While out in company one evening a young gentleman asked me if we had any pianos in Montana. I had him repeat his question, thinking he surely could not mean what he was saying,

but when I saw he really meant what he said, I looked at him for a moment then said, "YES, we have pianos in Montana, and people that can perform on them," for this same New Yorker had been trying to entertain us all the evening on a fine instrument, but the music would make anyone want to leave home.

At another time I happened in a friend's office. He was called to the telephone while I was there, and after he had finished his conversation, he turned to me and said, "Just think of it, I have been talking to a party nine miles away!" I suppose he thought I had never seen a telephone and would run when I heard the bell ring. I looked at him in amazement, for I had talked over the "phone" a distance of seven hundred miles, many times in my western home.

To get on a street car was perfectly disgusting, as I never before, in all my travels saw men—I cannot call them gentlemen—keep seated in a street car and allow ladies to stand for miles, holding onto the straps. I would say to these people that they need to travel some and broaden their narrow minded ideas. If one of those men were riding on our street cars in Butte, he would be made to feel so uncomfortable, that he would stand up or get off at the next corner. I will add further, that in a business way, it does seem pitiful to see old gray headed men, who have brought up their sons and even their grandsons in the same line, working along like machines, doing what someone else tells them to do. I found very few men who knew their own individuality; instead of stopping to think and using their own brains, they allow

others to think for them, looking only to their present compensation, instead of accomplishing something for themselves.

After visiting the principal places of interest in New York and Brooklyn, I took "The Bay State Limited," for Boston, Massachusetts.

BOSTON, THE EASTERN HUB

CHAPTER XXIII.

Boston, the Eastern Hub.

I passed on the way through the State of Connecticut, with a short stop at the "Elm City" and metropolis, New Haven, an important commercial and manufacturing center. I also stopped at Providence, the capital and largest city of Rhode Island, where there are important shipping interests.

I arrived at Boston, the capital and largest city in the State of Massachusetts, and fifth city of the nation. Boston is one of the chief commercial and literary cities of America; has an extensive foreign and coasting trade, with numerous steamship lines and is the terminus of many railroads. While here I visited all the important and interesting parts of original Boston,

Charleston, Somerville, Back Bay, Cambridge and Brookline. Also State street, famous in history, and the state capitol, where hundreds of flags of the Indian, Revolutionary and Civil Wars are kept for public inspection, showing, all tattered and torn and with many blood stains, what the early settlers of this patriotic city had to undergo.

I also visited the site of Bunker Hill, Bunker Hill monument, Harvard university, Boston public gardens, Faneuil hall, public library, art galleries and many monuments and statues.

One day, as I was viewing the statue of a long since departed hero, a Bostonian eastern friend, who was showing me the sights of the city, said: "You have nothing like this in the west." I appeared to be sad, and said "No." He looked at me with pity, which caused me to smile, remarking

that I had noticed that here and elsewhere in the east, the heroes had monuments or statues erected to their memory, whilst our heroes in the west were alive and above ground, and did not need statues or monuments. And as I had found practically an entire city from Washington to Boston, I decided that some of the people should go beyond the Missouri, to the Rockies or the Pacific Coast, and get their ideas enlarged and advance with that bright and enterprising class of people, that are pushing ahead and building up the most prosperous section of our nation.

The State of Massachusetts has numerous important manufacturing towns, the principal ones being Lowell, Fall River, Holyoke and Lawrence, having extensive cotton factories; Worcester, Springfield and Taunton, with iron and steel industries; Lynn, boot,

shoe and harness factories. Also the important fishing towns of Gloucester, Yarmouth and Provincetown.

It has over three hundred miles of coast line, bordering on the Atlantic ocean, with the principal harbors at Boston, Salem, Beverly, New Bedford and Marblehead.

Shipbuilding is largely carried on at Boston, Newburyport and Essex. The largest arsenal and armory in the United States is at Springfield. The State has numerous universities, colleges and normal schools, in addition to its excellent public schools. Boston is well supplied with depots. Besides numerous smaller ones, it has the beautiful New South Terminal station of the Michigan Central, Boston and Albany, and New York Central Railways, which is one of the finest and largest railway depots in the world, and is conveniently

located to the center of the city; and the large union depot of the Boston and Maine Railroad, from where I left, one warm June evening, wending my way along the coast of New Hampshire, through the State of Maine, and across the Canadian border, to Fredericton, New Brunswick.

FREDERICTON AND THE MARITIME PROVINCES

CHAPTER XXIV.

Fredericton and the Maritime Provinces.

I remained most of the summer at hotel "Windsor Hall," which is centrally located, and the most modern in the city, surrounded by the most beautiful shade trees, lawn and balcony, making it a perfect spot to while away the summer months. Every attention was rendered to aid in my enjoyment and I found everything pleasing at this fashionable resort.

Fredericton, the capital and port of entry of the Province of New Brunswick, is situated on a beautiful point of land known as St. Ann's Point, on the St. John river, eighty-five miles from its mouth.

Here are the capitol buildings, including a fine public library; and the crown land office, where a fine collection of birds and wild game of the Province may be seen.

Fredericton is the headquarters of the Royal Canadian Regiment for New Brunswick.

The university of New Brunswick, the Provincial normal school, as well as its excellent public schools are endowed by the province, and in fact all the schools are partly supported by a government allowance.

It has a large shoe factory, tannery, iron foundry and carriage factories, and adjoining, both above and below the city, are extensive sawmills.

Three miles from Fredericton is the manufacturing town of Marysville, with large cotton factory, flour and saw mills.

Fredericton has connection with the Canadian Pacific, from its main line, at Fredericton Junction; the same railroad also crosses the river on a steel bridge, and extends to Woodstock, Grand Falls and Edmundston, through the Province, and connects at Rivere du Loup, Province of Quebec, with the Intercolonial Railway, which is a government railroad. The Canada Eastern Railway connects at Chatham Junction with the Intercolonial, traversing the central portion of the province. Four miles up the river is the Douglas Boom for the rafting of logs that come down the river St. John and its tributaries, and after being rafted are towed to the mouth of the river, where they are sawed into lumber and shipped to all parts of the world.

Fredericton is an ideal spot, with its magnificent homes, beautiful lawns and

shade trees and its many driveways, extending across the bridge to St. Mary's, Gibson, Marysville and on up that picturesque and beautiful Nashwaak valley, where I had many, many drives, and where I enjoyed a picnic one fine summer afternoon upon the lawn in the grove, in front of the magnificent residence of Mr. M. White, the most delightful spot along the whole valley, with its broad productive intervals skirting the river. Then another pleasant drive is passing Nashwaaksis, and through Douglas, viewing the numerous islands, along the St. John river to the mouth of the Keswick, the branches of the fruit trees hanging to the ground under their heavy loads of delicious fruits.

Another pleasant time was the private picnic held on the lawns at the Old Government House, where the

present king of England was entertained during his visit to Fredericton.

I had a delightful sail on the steamer Victoria, down the river to the city of St. John, an important seaport with extensive maritime and manufacturing interests, sawmills, shipyards and iron foundries. St. John is a railway center, having the eastern transportation and shipping business of the Canadian Pacific.

The Intercolonial Railway has its headquarters at Moncton. Across Northumberland Strait is the Province of Prince Edward Island. The capital and principal city is Charlottetown.

South across the Bay of Fundy is the Province of Nova Scotia, which, with the other two mentioned, constitute the Maritime Provinces. Its capital and chief winter port is Halifax, which has the principal naval station, and is the

headquarters of the imperial army in British North America.

After my sight seeing in this section, I returned to Fredericton, and making my final adieus, I departed on the Canadian Pacific for Augusta, Maine.

WESTWARD TO CHICAGO

CHAPTER XXV.

Westward to Chicago.

Passing through Bangor, the port of entry, at the head of steam navigation on the Penobscot river, I reach the capital of the State of Maine. I visited the capitol buildings and several features of interest in this rustling and enterprising city of Augusta.

Portland, the largest city and most important seaport of the state, has a valuable coast trade, with fisheries and manufactures, besides being a prominent railroad terminus. While here I took several car rides, seeing all I could of the city for I had been led to believe that Portland, Oregon, and Portland, Maine, were similar, but I will think so no more, for I must say I was disappointed with Portland, Me.

I passed on through Portsmouth, the only seaport in the State of New Hampshire, having an excellent harbor and considerable shipbuilding interests. This is also a famous summer resort. Reaching Boston, I took the Fitchburg route, changing at Troy, for Albany, the capital of the State of New York.

The city is at the head of navigation of the Hudson river, and is one of the most interesting in America, with its commerce passing through its "open door" down the historic Hudson river, through the Erie canal and over the New York Central lines.

I visited the capitol building and other places of interest surrounding the city. Down the river are the towns of Kingston and Poughkeepsie and the United States Military Academy at West Point. A short distance west is Schnectady, where is located

the General Electric Company, that manufactures the greatest amount of electrical appliances in the world. The second largest locomotive works on the globe are also located here. Still further west is Utica, then Syracuse, a manufacturing and important railroad center. Passing the manufacturing city of Rochester, brings me to Niagara Falls, the crowning glory of the State of New York, and the greatest cataract on the American continent.

Buffalo, the second city in the State of New York, has extensive lake commerce in grain, live-stock, coal and lumber trade.

Erie, Pennsylvania, is a port of entry on Lake Erie, having extensive iron manufactures and a large trade.

Cleveland, Ohio, has important steamboat and railroad traffic, with

large oil refineries, iron and steel manufactories.

Toledo, on Lake Erie, has a fine harbor with important commerce.

I pass through the manufacturing town of South Bend, Indiana, on to Chicago, having a very pleasant trip over the New York Central, and Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroads, where the finest equipped Pullman sleeping and parlor cars, the most delicious and appetizing meals were served in the dining cars, and the employes devote their entire time, giving every attention and comfort to its many passengers.

Chicago is the second city in the United States, made so by its energetic citizens and the enormous trade on the Great Lakes, in addition to its railroads, extending in every direction over the continent. When I was here in 1893,

attending the World's Fair, I made a trip east via. Detroit, Michigan, the City of the Straits, with its busy factories, and Toronto, the capital and leading commercial city of the Province of Ontario, with Montreal, the metropolis for the dominion, at the head of ocean navigation, and Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion of Canada, with its extensive lumber trade. Also Quebec, the capital of the Province of Quebec, with her large exports of lumber and shipbuilding industries, and then down the St. Lawrence river, which empties into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. I then realized, with the combined trade of the cities south of the Great Lakes on the American side, what makes Chicago important, controlling the shipping of the Great Lakes through Lake Michigan, and the commerce and manufac-

turing of the west by its extensive railway facilities.

From Chicago, I go to St. Paul, over the Chicago and Northwestern Limited—that train of fame—passing Madison, the university city and capital of the State of Wisconsin.

ST. PAUL TO LIVINGSTON

CHAPTER XXVI.

St. Paul to Livingston.

St. Paul, the capital of Minnesota, and second city in population, is the head of navigation of the Mississippi river, and an important railroad distributing center. Trains connect from here with Duluth, at the head of Lake Superior, which is a prominent railway terminus at the head of navigation on the Great Lakes.

There is also direct railway connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway at Winnipeg, the capital, largest city and railroad center of the Province of Manitoba, Dominion of Canada.

At St. Paul is being erected the magnificent new capitol building, which when completed will give the State of Minnesota the most elaborate and sight-

ly capitol building of any State in the Union.

The city is well supplied with large wholesale establishments, fine business blocks and beautiful homes. Near here, at Stillwater, is the State penitentiary.

And connected by street car lines, a distance of eleven miles west, is the city of Minneapolis, the largest in the state, with extensive lumber and flour mills, operated by the water power of the Falls of St. Anthony, and numerous manufacturing establishments.

After a pleasant stop in this section, I took the "North Coast Limited," on the Northern Pacific Railway, and continued west through Minnesota. At Winnipeg Junction, the Manitoba branch runs to Crookston, Minnesota, Grand Forks, Grafton and Pembina, North Dakota, and Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Fargo, the first city I reach in North Dakota, is the largest in the state, with several railway connections and is extensively engaged in the sale of agricultural implements. It is also a great wheat market.

Bismarck, the capital, is situated on the Missouri river, where our train crosses the river to Mandan, and here our time is changed to one hour earlier, making it "mountain time."

The porter awakened me at 4 a. m., stating that we were nearing Glendive, and as it is the first town we reach in my home state, I desired to walk on Montana soil after such a long intermission.

As I stepped from the Pullman, the morning air was so fresh and exhilarating. The nights were cool and clear, but the days were hotter than any I had experienced on my entire eastern trip.

It is no wonder that the Montana people are so cheerful, when there is so much beautiful sunshine.

It being the Glendive annual fair week, I noticed that the people certainly know how to enjoy themselves on such occasions, with their horse-racing and ball games. As I sat on the balcony of the hotel and watched the numerous carriages, taking passengers to and fro from the fair grounds, and there were many on horseback, I thought of the places that I had visited, and it gave me more pleasure than in any town I had visited, to see the Glendive citizens celebrate, for every time I have been here, I found them all happy and having a good time. They are a bright, energetic class of people.

Again taking the Northern Pacific west, following the Yellowstone river, crossing the Big Horn river, I come in

view of Pompey's Pillar, climbed and named by Captain Clarke of the Lewis and Clarke expedition in 1806. I made a brief stop at Billings, where everything was lively, the cattle and sheep were being shipped to the stockyards and packing houses of Chicago, St. Paul and Omaha. The third crop of alfalfa was being cut in the country surrounding the city of Billings, and the immense stacks of hay loomed up in the distance, to be used for the winter feeding of the stock.

I followed the Yellowstone river to Livingston, arriving near the close of the summer travel to the Yellowstone National Park.

THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Yellowstone National Park.

The park is situated in the Northwest corner of the State of Wyoming, overlapping a few miles into Montana on the north, and Montana and Idaho on the west, in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, and is about sixty-five miles east and west and seventy-five miles north and south.

None of the valleys are less than 6,000 feet, while many of the mountain peaks rise to 10,000 and even 14,000 feet above the sea-level. Three of the largest rivers in the United States, the Missouri, Yellowstone and Columbia, have their sources in the Yellowstone Park. Yellowstone Lake, fifteen by twenty miles in size, is the largest body of water, at an altitude of

8,000 feet, in America. The other lakes are Shoshone, Lewis and Heart Lakes. The falls of the Yellowstone are most magnificent. The Grand Canyon, ten miles long, with an average depth of over a thousand feet, is one of the most brilliantly colored landscapes in existence. The geysers outclass anything in the world. Cliffs of volcanic origin, mountains of petrifactions beautiful waterfalls, hills of brimstone, snow-capped peaks, charming valleys with thousands of natural curiosities, make this the wonderland of the world.

The Mammoth Hot Springs is where the Mammoth Hotel and Fort Yellowstone are situated. Substantial roads and bridges have been constructed from Gardner, on the very edge of the park and the terminus of the Yellowstone Park branch of the Northern Pacific Railroad, to all the chief at-

tractions in this government national park, for the protection and enjoyment of the numerous people from all parts of the civilized globe who come to visit this beautiful spot of nature.

At Gardner the Northern Pacific Company has erected an attractive and unique depot, made of logs from the Bitter Root valley. The same company has erected the most magnificent depot in the west, at Livingston, the headquarters for all the National Park travel. The division headquarters and shops for the company are located here.

Livingston is situated on the Yellowstone river, and is the center of an extensive stock and farming country. There are numerous producing coal and quartz mines adjacent to the city, which is the distributing and supply point. Valuable quartz mines are at Jardine, Bear Gulch and Cooke City, and the

coal mines are at Cokedale, Aldridge and Horr, and beyond the Bozeman tunnel are the coal mines of Chestnut and Storr.

At Lombard, the Montana Railroad extends to Lewistown, the principal town in the Judith country. This town has made great strides of late years, and on the event of the railroad this fall will make greater improvements, as it is the supply headquarters for the ranching country and the mines of Gilt Edge and Kendall, besides the enormous sheep and cattle industries of the Judith and Musselshell countries.

The railroad branches at Summit for Leadboro, the Castle lead mines.

At Dorsey the coaches meet the trains for White Sulphur Springs.

Townsend, on the main line of the Northern Pacific, is in the center of the

rich farms of the Missouri valley, with numerous mines close by.

I again cross the Missouri river, passing the mining town of Winston, reaching the capital of our state, Helena, on the 25th day of October, 1903, having traveled with my companion during the last eight months, a distance of over twenty-four thousand miles.

MONTANA'S CAPITAL

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Montana's Capital.

Since my last visit to Helena, the government has erected a commodious and substantial Federal building.

The Northern Pacific and Great Northern Railway Companies have just completed a fine union depot, which adds much to the appearance of the city.

On December 1st, an extraordinary session of the legislature was called, bringing to the capital many acquaintances from other sections of the state, and made a continual stir and bustle for two weeks. Then came the holiday season, causing the city generally to show great evidence of prosperity.

Montana has every reason to be proud of its state capitol, which is located in the eastern part of the city on

a plat of ten acres, donated to the state. The building is two hundred and fifty feet in length by one hundred and thirty in width. From the center of the building rises the dome, which is covered with copper and crowned by the statue of liberty. Arrangements have been made for planting the entire ground with trees, which will, with growth, give a pleasant appearance.

I very much admired the governor's reception room, twenty by forty feet in size. The room is beautifully decorated in green and red. The chandelier is as elaborate when lighted as any I have ever seen. The harmony of the color effect and the blending is perfectly grand. There are larger and more costly state buildings in other parts of the union, but for beanty and design, there are none that excel the capitol of Montana. The su-

preme court room, state officials' apartments, senate chamber, and the house, all blend in the striking colors of green and red. At the head of the grand stairway and above an art glass window, is a painting presented by the Northern Pacific Railway Company, representing the driving of its golden spike, at Gold Creek, Montana, on the completion of the road on September 18th, 1883. General U. S. Grant is plainly shown holding the hammer, which drove the spike, finishing the railway connections from the Atlantic to the Pacific, by this transcontinental line.

In the house of representatives, directly over the speaker's desk, is a painting, commemorating the "Louisiana Purchase." In this picture are grouped the men who participated in this transaction, though some of them

never met. Seated and standing around the table are Napoleon and Marbois, on behalf of the French government, while our country is represented by Jefferson, Livingston and Monroe. On the table is a globe, and the map of the territory involved.

The celebration in its honor will begin May 1st of this present year, at St. Louis, Missouri.

In the senate chamber is a painting over the president's desk of "Lewis' First Glimpse of the Rockies." It shows Lewis on a rocky point with his telescope, catching a view of the distant Rocky mountains, with his comrades in the background.

In honor of this expedition will be the "Lewis and Clarke Exposition," next year at Portland, Oregon.

My sojourn in Helena coming to a close, I will now leave you for the pres-

ent, and go home to Butte; knowing that I have given truthful information to my many, many readers.

FINIS.